

Bianca's monologue from *Mamacita*.

BIANCA

People used to tell me
What a beautiful
Brown
Boy I had

I looked into their eyes,
A mix of intrigue, skepticism
And a quiet kind of jealousy

They kept their thoughts to themselves
“I bet he'll have good hair like his daddy”
“You gonna give him a Spanish name or a regular one?”
“Didn't I see his daddy talking to that Spanish girl?”

All in their eyes

Their eyes asked if
Damage and destruction
Were in your destiny

You,
Tiny as a star
Falling into the midnight sky

You,
With thoughts like whispers
Scattered letters
Still separated by moans
Your breaths,
Shallow as a puddle

You,
Were not capable of such evils
They somehow saw

On the night you were born
Silence struck the sky

I held you
With warm hands and wide eyes
You fit like Lego pieces
In the crevasse of my arm

Baby boy
Polished bronze
Mi prietito querido
Brown like bark
Tree of knowledge
Forbidden fruit
You were the apple of my eye
My promise of tomorrow
Always and forever
Each moment with you

You caught me,
Held me captive 'till I liked being trapped

I was scared of being renamed
Five letter words for women
Aren't usually nice

Bitch
Whore
Skank
...Mommy

Now,
I am waiting for a night
With more stars
So that I can see you clearly
In the hour when dusk kisses dawn
And they share a moment of solitude

Just the thought of you
Is a light to my darkness